A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, October 16. 1708.

I Shall meddle no more with your Thankſgivings, till you have more Occaſion for them, which I do not ſee we are like to have over haſtily; I ſhall talk no more of your Faſts and mock Humiliations: I ſhall cant no more to you of Religion, that uneaſie burthenſome Thing——— But let us look a little farther into the State of the War——— In one of our laſt News Papers we are told, the Pope has actually attack'd the Emperor's Troops in *Italy*, driven the *Germans* from ſeveral Poſts in the *Ferrareſe*, taken ſeveral large Boats going with Ammunition and Cannon down the *PO* and in ſhort that Hoſtilities are begun——— It ſeems to me not to be any wide Gueſs to ſay, that certainly the League among the Princes of *Italy* is concluded, or elſe the Pope would never have ventur'd to make War with the Emperor.

Whether the Emperor's Conduct be with the Prince's of *Italy*, as it is with the *Hungarian Proteſtants, of which we have room enough to make ſad Remarks*, I will not take upon me to determine here——But why the Emperor, while the Poſture of his Affairs carries ſo ſad a Countenance in other Places, ſhould revive old Claims, make Encroachments upon Neighbours, and raiſe more Enemies upon him, at ſuch a Time as this, ſeems to me the moſt inexplicable Riddle in Politicks, that has been heard of in this Age——Let us then but a little examine the State of the Affairs of the Empire, and in what Condition they ſeem to be at this Time, I mean, as to the Matters of War, and

and how they ſtand with Reſpect to his Neighbours, whether Enemies or Allies.

On the Side of *Hungary*, he has not been able to quell an Inſurrection, which, had Prince *Ragotski* been a Warlike, Enterprizing Prince, might, his other Embarraſments conſider'd, have long ſince diſtreſs'd him, and indeed have driven his Imperial Majeſty to ſhut the Gates of his Capital City: In War he has not had Power, in Peace, not Policy, to ſubdue them; he has not been ſtrong enough to impoſe his own Terms upon them, and yet is weak enough to reject theirs; and between the Folly of one, and the Impotence of the other, they have outed him of the Poſſeſſion of 2 thirds of that great and rich Country of *Hungary*, one of the moſt fruitful and beſt peopled Countries in *Europe*.

On the Side of *Poland*, every Motion of the *Swede* makes the whole Empire tremble, and the very Crown totters on *Cæſar*'s Head, the *Gothick Beck*; the *Roman* Eagle couches and dares not expand her Wings——Upon the Diſpleaſure of this Hero, the mighty *German* ſubjects his Honour, and ſends his great Ones to be corrected at his Pleaſure; at his Command he reſtores the oppreſſed, and delivers up the Spoils of his injur'd Subjects, makes his Eccleſiaſticks ſpue up their ill-gotten Poſſeſſions, and diſgorge the Wealth they had drawn from the *Proteſtants* in the Ages of their Tyranny, ſince the Treaty of *Munſter*——— On the bare Threats of his Return, he performs even more than the Stipulations of his Treaty ſeem'd to require, and makes his new Preceptor Judge in, and Conſtructor of the Extent and the Meaning of the ſeveral Articles——— What low Step has he not taken, what Meanneſs has he not ſtoop'd to, aw'd by the Terror of a *Northern* Eruption, and having the *Roman* Empire a third Time overrun by the *Goths* and *Vandals*.

Come from the *Oder* to the *Rhine*, and *Alſace* is no leſs a Teſtimony of the Impotence of this mighty Body than *Sileſia*. There you have Generals without Armies, Armies without Pay, Command without Authority, Subordination without Subjection, War without Fighting, many Men, few Soldiers, many Generals little Council, Heads without Hands, Hands without Feet, and All without Action——What a ſad Spectacle is the Face of the War on that ſide——Where after all the Decrees from *Ratisbone*, Promiſes from *Vienna*, Sollicitations from *England* and *Holland*—Management of Prince *Eugene*. Forwardneſs of the Elector of *Hannover*, and Expectations of *Europe*——Neither Reaſon or Neceſſity prevailing againſt Imperial Debillity, and unavoidable Circumſtances of diſobeying, claſhing, neglecting Members under an Impotency of *Coertion*; all the Hopes of *Europe* have been blaſted, and the *French* rendred ſecure on that ſide, where we might have been in a Condition to have pierced their very Bowels.

From hence let us paſs into *Spain*; to what Exigencies has King *Charles* III. been reduc'd, how has he been twice driven to the Extremes of the fartheſt Province in his Dominions, how in vain has he ſollicited the Court of *Vienna* for Aſſiſtance, and how does the whole Weight of that War now lie upon *England* and *Holland*? Tho' the Crown when obtain'd falls to the Houſe of *Auſtria*, and the Greatneſs of it is the Hope and Support of that drooping Family———And yet at the ſame Time the Armies of the Empire are puſhing in *Naples* to the Eſtabliſhment of new Conqueſts, and enlarging the Skirts of the *Spaniſh* Monarchy, the Subſtance and Center of it being in great Danger of being entirely loſt.

If theſe are the preſent Circumſtances of the *German* Power, and perhaps this may juſtly be call'd a ſhort Scheme or tranſient View of it——— Is this a Time for the Emperor to purſue his private Claims on the Fiefs and old Tenures of the Empire; to invade his Neighbour Princes, and form new Leagues againſt himſelf; raiſe up more Enemies, and give himſelf new Diverſions? Is this a Time to open a Door to the *French*, and let them again into *Italy*? ——— Is this a Time to embroil himſelf in new Troubles, that is faln to ſeek the Help of all *Europe* to ſupport him in the old?

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I cannot but recommend the Defenders of this new Attempt to a certain *Stanza* of Verſes, which were lately ſaid to be ſent by the *Poſt* in a Letter from the Moon, and have been formerly publiſh'd here; perhaps you may not underſtand the Lunar Language, and ſo the Original may be of little Uſe; but if they will accept of my Tranſlation, or whether they will call it a Tranſlation or Paraphraſe, they may take it their own Way. The Lines are as follow.

Wandeliz Idulaſin Na Perixola Metartos
Strigunia Crolias Xerin Hytale Fylos
Farnicos Galvare Orpto Sonamel Egonsberch
Sih Lona Sipos Gallia Rapta Tylos.

Theſe may have been Engliſh'd.

Cæſar *you triſle with the World in vain,*
Think rather now of Germany *than* Spain;
He's hardly fit to fill the Eagles Throne,
Who ſeeks now Crowns, and can't protect his own.

Thoſe People, that would challenge me with reproaching his Imperial Majeſty in theſe Lines, may find Room to rectifie their Underſtandings, if they pleaſe but to examine the original Language, wherein the direct Signification of theſe Lines may be found——What if it requires an Expreſs or a Travelling up to the Moon to inform themſelves? —— Malice will ſtick at no Pains, and to bring this poor Author under the publick Diſpleaſure, there are ſeveral that would not ſtick at higher Flights than that—However, after having aſſur'd the World, that this *Cæſar* can by no Means mean the Emperor of *Germany*——— But a certain great Prince up in the Lunar Regions, who governing an unweildly, ill-modell'd, uncommandable Medly of Nations, is in great Danger of being ruin'd and overthrown by his own Impotency of Council, and the diſcording Members of the great Body of his Government; they may ſuppoſe, that the Account might be tranſmitted hither as a Looking-Glaſs for ſome Monarchs in our Day, to ſee their Left-handed Politicks in, and how wildly they act in the World———And if the Story has this Effect, it is well enough told———Let it be taken which way it will.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Lately Publiſhd,

A New Deſcription of the World, delineating *Europe*, *Aſia*, *Africa*, and *America*; with a Map and Tables of the Empires, Kingdoms, Provinces, and Cities therein, together with a Chronological and Hiſtorical Account of the Emperors, Kings, Princes, Governments, Religion, Languages, Cuſtoms, Commodities, Revolutions, and Rareties thereof. By *H. Curſon*, Gent. Sold by *John Morphew*, near *Stationers-Hall*. (Price 2 *s.*)

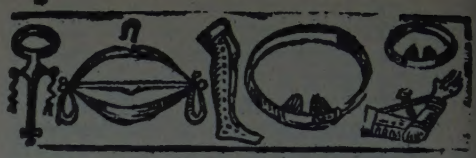
THE

THE Creditors of King *Charles*, King *James*, and King *William*, are desir'd to bring in their particular Cases, that they may be stated for the Parliament; they are also requested to see the Petition and to give their Approbation. The Agents for the Army at *London-Derry*, the Cities and Towns of *York*, *Berwick*, *Norwich*, *Ipswitch*, *Northampton Maidstone*, *Basingstoke*, *Midhurst*, *Hungerford*, *Jersy*, *Plymouth*, *Newport*, and all Others, concern'd in cloathing the Army in 1677, are desired to send in their Claims, to their Place of Meeting, by the *Parliament stairs* in *Old Pallace-Yard Westminster*; there is a Note on the Door, where Daily Attendance is given, from 9 of the Clock in the Morning till Night, to settle the particular Cases to be laid before the Parliament. All great Debts to the Army, Transports, Navy, Victualling-Office, Wardrobe, and all other Great Debts, are excused from paying any Charge to carry it on, until they receive their Money.

These are to give Notice,

THat *MARI KIRLEUS*, the Widow of *JOHN KIRLEUS*, Son of Dr. *THO. KIRLEUS*, a Sworn-Physician, in Ordinary to King *Charles* II. Sells (rightly prepar'd) his Famous Drink and Pills; experienc'd above 50 Years (by an uncommon Method) to cure all Ulcers, Sores, Scabs, Itch, Scurf, Scurvies, Leprosies, Running of the Reins, and the most inveterate VENEREAL Disease, with all its attending Symptoms, without Fluxing, Confinement, or destructive Mercurial Preparations: These incomparable Medicines need no Words to express their Virtues; the many miserable Ones that have been happily cured, after given over by others, sufficiently recommend them as the most Sovereign Remedy in the World against all such Malignities: She cures many after Fluxing, and in Compassion to the Distressed, will deal according to the Patient's Ability The Drink is 3 *s.* the Quart, the Pill 1 *s.* the Box with Directions, and Advice *Gratis*. *NOTE*, The Patient may be effectually cur'd by sending his Grief in Writing.

†‡† *She lives at the Golden-Ball in Hand-Court, over against great Turnstile in Holborn.*



BARTLETT's Inventions for the Cure of Ruptures, which have gain'd so Universal Esteem, are now, yet farther Improv'd to so great a Nicety, that one of his Steel Spring Trusses of the largest Size, seldom Exceeds 4 ounces in Weight, and one of the smallest rarely exceeds a quarter of an Ounce, and are so well adapted to the shapes of human Bodies, that they are extraordinary easy even to Infants of a Day Old, and entirely keep up the Ruptures of what Bigness soever. Also divers Instruments to help the Weak and Crooked. By P. Bartlet at the Golden Ball by the Ship Tavern in Prescot-Street in Goodmans Fields, London.

NOTE, He forges and finishes his Trusses himself, by which means he daily Improves his Inventions.

☞ I *Thomas Pritchard*, at the *Saracens-Head* in *Little Carter-Lane*, near St. *Paul's*, *London*, having a Son who had a very bad Rupture, and applying to Mr. *Bartlett*, at the *Golden Ball* in *Prescot-street* in *Goodman's-Fields*, *London*, He perform'd the Cure in four Days to my great Surprize, and my Son has remain'd well ever since.

This is to give Notice, that I *Richard Baker*, of *Lawrence-Poltneys Lane*, *Cannonstreet*, *London*, having had a Rupture for about fifty Years; at last I apply'd my self to the late Mr. *Christopher Bartlett*, at the *Golden Ball* by the Tavern in *Prescot-street* in *Goodman's-Fields*; who, by his Ingenious Invention of Spring-Trusses and Rupture Spirits, with the Blessing of GOD, made a perfect Cure in about eight Months, and I have been perfectly well ever since, which is about four or five Years.

NOTE, His Son *P. Bartlett* lives at the same Place as above-mention'd, and carries on the same Business, as his Father did; having been by him thoroughly Instructed therein.